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EVER-PRESENT DEITY.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life, that in me has rest,
As I, undying Life, have power in Thee!

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universe ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is no room for death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Thou, Thou art Being and Breath;
And what Thou art can never be destroyed.

—Emily Broute.

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A CHANGED WORLD.

No event in history, for centuries, will be found after a few decades to have so changed the world as the war now going on in Europe. It will bring remarkable changes and will affect life all over the earth. The age is a cataclysmic one. This war may merely mark the beginning of a cataclysm of which few have any conception despite the fact that it appears in itself so cataclysmic. All depends on how soon and how thoroughly the people of the different countries of the world learn and practice the lessons of righteousness and fraternity which have been written in the eternal constitution of the universe.

In The Pacific this week will be found an article entitled "A New England in Old England," in which are set forth some of the many changes which thoughtful men and women find to be imminent there.

If we are wise here in this land we will begin a preparation of mind and heart which will help us to solve aright the problems which will be forced upon us soon with an insistence that cannot be escaped. It is to be hoped that our people will move to it with less of the present disposition to brand as fools or knaves or traitors all who do not agree with them. The motto should be "Come, let us reason together."

A DANGEROUS SENTIMENT.

That was an awful sentiment expressed by one of the Pringle family when, in demanding vengeance on those who killed the Americans in Mexico, he remarked that to the sentiment "My country right or wrong" should be added "My countrymen right or wrong." We would tremble for a nation that had many men of that mind. The sentiment, whether applied to a country or to men, is contrary to the eternal laws of God and of right and must sooner or later be universally detested and abandoned.

Intervention in Mexico may be necessary; but it should not be on the ground that the murder of men who knew when they went there that they took their lives in their own hands should be avenged.

THE WAY OPENING UP BEFORE THE FORD PEACE COMMITTEE.

There are indications that the Ford Peace Expedition may yet astonish its critics by leading on to peace among the warring nations of Europe. Two days before Christmas a correspondent wrote from London that Philip Snowden, a Labor member of Parliament, had that day secured from the Prime Minister a pledge that any peace proposals from any source would be carefully considered and at the earliest possible moment submitted to Parliament.

Mr. Snowden remarked to the correspondent: "I regard this as of overwhelming importance. It is a great advance on the attitude of only a few weeks ago."

Mr. Snowden is quoted as having said at that time:

"There is every evidence that there is a growing feeling in favor of peace, not only in this country, but in Germany and Austria as well.

"There is no one who wants to stop the war on any other terms than those which will secure the best possible and most lasting peace. The essentials which must be considered by Germany before we can even talk of peace are the restitution of Belgium, the freedom of Poland, the evacuation of the occupied French territory, and some reasonable arrangement about Alsace-Lorraine."

It is significant that Mr. Snowden, who is an intimate friend of Dr. Aked who is a prominent member of the Ford Peace Expedition, drew this promise from Premier Asquith a few weeks after that movement was started.

Whether anything comes from this big-hearted effort for peace or not, it is evident that it is to be pushed wisely. Representative men and women from the belligerent nations will be invited to meet the permanent committee which has been selected and to state what in their judgment will be satisfactory to their people respectively. All this and other information will be carefully weighed by the committee and a program of peace will be framed and submitted to the different governments. Whatever official representative bodies may be reached thus will be asked if it is not found satisfactory to state what changes will make the plan satisfactory. These suggestions or statements will be carefully considered by the peace committee at the seat of its deliberations; and new proposals will be submitted.

When once a peace memorial with outline of an honorable and somewhat equitable way out is before the governmental bodies, we look for strong backing for it from a large number of influential persons in every one of the leading nations at war. On all sides disillusionment has come and is continuing to come. The phrase, "this stupid war," has become popular in Germany, and is said to mean among other things that it is not worth the candle. In England the wide-spread and growing feeling, that the government's reiterated declarations, that they will be prepared ere long to bring Germany to her knees, will result as have all the other optimistic statements is of considerable weight on the side of peace.

I met a little Elf-man once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me", said he
"As you are big for you."

—John Kendrick Bangs.

True goodness is like the glow worm in this, that it shines most when no eyes save those of Heaven are before it.—Hare.

A NEW ENGLAND IN OLD ENGLAND.

No matter which side wins in the war in Europe there will be a new England in old England. This has been foreseen for many months, and much is being said and written concerning it of late. Amaong the most startling articles that have come to our notice recently is one in the form of an interview with Harold Begbie, in the January number of the Homiletic Review. There is also one by Sydney Brooks in the North American Review for December 1915. These writers rank high in the literary and journalistic world, and their statements are worthy most careful consideration. Among the books by Mr. Begbie which have attracted readers everywhere are "Twice Born Men", "Souls in Action," and "Other Sheep." These books have had wide reading in this as well as many other countries.

The man who interviewed Mr. Begbie, Mr. Denis Crane of London, says of him in the Homiletic Review article that he "holds in the literary world a position unique alike for his intense moral earnestness and for the skill, approaching to genius, with which he has taken the trite fundamentals of Christian teaching, and by the magic of his pen has evoked the astonishment of those who professed to have them by heart." He expresses the judgment that Mr. Begbie has won "the right to speak on religious problems equal at least to that of the bishops and the clergy and the Non-conformist divines whose prerogative goes unchallenged."

Mr. Begbie's declarations relate to industrial, social and religious affairs, and inasmuch as some which have to do with the church are quite startling; we are assured that his own faith in God is absolute and always has been.

Turning now to the other writer from whom we shall quote we find the North American Review remarking concerning him:

"Sydney Brooks is one of the best known of English journalists. His contributions to important reviews and magazines in England and America have won him an international reputation as an observer and publicist."

Attention is first called in this article to what Mr. Brooks has written concerning the changes taking place and the new England which he foresees. He begins with the declaration that "one may fairly hope that from this war Great Britain will emerge a democracy." His statement is that she has had the mere appurtenances of democracy, and not its essence. "We were not a social democracy before the war. We are well on the way to become one now. The war has fused us as nothing else could have done.... The war has drawn all classes closer together and has evoked a spirit of genuine fraternity."

"England, thank God, henceforward and for many generations is to be a poor land, a land of labor and not of leisure—an England such as no living man has ever known."

Viewing the country as it has been Brooks says:

"It had not accepted and did not subscribe to the gospel of work which lies at the root of the strength, the success, the democracy, of the younger nations."

"If any country in Europe had become enervated by luxury and pursued pleasure and comfort with a disproportionate ardor that country surely was England. The whole scheme of British existence made for easygoingness."

As to one of the great curses of English life, Brooks writes: "Time and again have I been assured by Americans, Canadians and Australians that what most impressed them in that England which has been killed by the war was the prevalence of the caste system.... The caste system was beyond doubt the outstanding feature of the British structure. It was the caste system that made the West End of London the government center of the empire. It was the caste system that in every British ministry reserved an excessive number of the places for the aristocracy, whose title to them was based mainly on the non-essentials of birth, manners, and social position. Nobody pretended that they were the best men for the offices they filled or that the country received from them anything like value for its money. They were there chiefly because they were born in the purple and could not be got rid of."

Last September there appeared in Sunset Magazine an article entitled "The Blood Offering of British Columbia" showing how the men of that Canadian province had poured out their lives on the soil of France for the mother country. The writer of that article said: "I have seen Canadian officers stared down by English officers because they spoke with men in the ranks on terms of equality. I was eating dinner with an English officer in a London hotel one night when a Canadian lieutenant and corporal came in and sat down at the next table. They were obviously friends, their difference in rank the accident of training or preferment. They were none the less chums and went about together. But the English officer was too indignant to finish his dinner. Among the Canadian officers nothing was thought of it. Recruiting in a democratic country, the difference in rank no longer held."

But about a year after that happened, we find Sydney Brooks, in telling of the changes in England, writing:

"Get hold of an officer and he will talk of nothing but his men. Get hold of the men and they will tell you little except what first-class fellows their officers are. We cannot measure the liberation of the spirit, the quickening of the imagination, the knowledge of self and others, the fraternal bonds, the adjustment of all social values that are the fruits of this war not only for the British army but for the British nation. The foundations of all things are shifting even if they are not breaking; habits and prejudices and old instinctive attitudes of mind are in process of dissolution; economic conditions that seemed rooted in the deeps are made plastic and adjustable; and from this welter of renewal there will emerge a Britain dignified by enormous sacrifices, ennobled by poverty, and embracing with an ardor that will burn a path through a host of seemingly insoluble problems the true faith of social equality."

The writer points out other defects in the life of the people as follows: "We have failed to teach the first elements of citizenship. Far too many of our people are born and grow to manhood without once realizing that they are members of a community, and that between themselves and that community there might one day arise a question of debts to be paid and duties to be discharged. They have been used to getting all they can and giving nothing in return, because nothing has been asked of them. As a result we are the least organized nation in Europe, and the one where the sense of the State, and of the demands it may legitimately enforce and of the obligations owing to it from all who live under its protection, is least developed.

Such was the atmosphere in which the British workman had long lived that Mr. Brooks writes concerning him: "His ideal inevitably became that of doing as little as he

could, of striving to reproduce on his own plane his employer's mode of life, and of regarding work as an unpalatable interruption of the real business of existence."

The various things taken under government control are listed—the running of the railways for the common good, the fixing of prices, the governmental purchase of huge supplies of sugar and meat for resale to private dealers with a very definite understanding as to what profits they might reap—and he remarks: "All these ventures have been approved and applauded by the British people simply because they were demanded by the common-sense of the situation. That the future must witness a yet greater extent of governmental ownership and control seems to me beyond question."

He sees that the land question must be settled at once after the war and that it cannot be "without the drastic intervention of the State".

He tells us that "even the war has not been able to conceal the bitterness and the suspicions that were leading British industrialism to a violent crisis that but for its outbreak could not have ben long delayed." And he is convinced that if employers do not take the lead "in humanizing their relations with their men" there will very soon be a mighty internal conflict.

He sees some easing of the social friction, sure to be, in the fact that all will be condemned to lives of the severiest economy, that the rich will be decidedly poorer, and the poor in all probability decidedly richer relatively to their present means than they are today.

Turning now to Mr. Begbie who considers the War and the Religious Outlook, we find him declaring that "the immediate effect of the war has been the discovery by many thousands of people that self-sacrificing, service rendered to humanity is the highest expression of the spirit." "People find themselves by losing their selfishness. In all kinds of ways men and women of all classes are workng for others, giving up for others, living for the first time lives of real devotion; and they are happy—supremely happy."

When he comes to consider the control of industry which the war made imperative, and the outcome of all that, he differs a little from Mr. Brooks. His interviewer sums him up thus: "It will be impossible, Mr. Begbie says, for the nation or the government to go back altogether from the State control of the public services which the war, as a special emergency, has made imperative. The railways will no doubt revert in their management to their respective companies as will also the workshops and factories taken over from private owners. In like manner the government's intervention in regard to certain commodities, such as sugar and coal, may be withdrawn. Nevertheless the principal of State control and State ownership will have been admitted in a manner the most ardent advocates of economic socialism could not have foreseen. From that admission there can be no going back. It was, it is true, an experiment forced upon the State, but the fruits thereof in future legislation will be none the less assured."

Mr. Brooks, however, tells us that he cannot imagine the railways slipping back into private hands or individual ownership, and operation of the services and utilities to the life of the community being allowed to continue its old haphazard course for any length of time when peace returns."

No one who is familiar with the trend of affairs can doubt that remarkable changes will be wrought out in England by this war. Come they will, but they may not come without much struggle. In the last number of The Christian Commonwealth, of London, a representative of Labor wrote:

"The close of the war is bound to bring about in this country a tremendous struggle between Capitalism and Labor." With reference to what Lord Haldane had said recently on the coming of democracy this Labor representative wrote:

"The coming of democracy will depend upon whether the working-classes, as organized in their trade unions, have prepared themselves for the task which they will inevitably attempt, and properly thought out their course of action."

"There are two things the capitalists will attempt. Wherever their power to exploit industrialism has been curtailed by the state control necessitated by the war, they will endeavor to win back their old irresponsible freedom. Wherever State control was worked to their advantage, or may possibly be diverted to their own uses, they will endeavor to strengthen their hold over the working classes in that direction. Labor must be prepared to checkmate them in both moves.

"Labor must insist that the State, which is capable of mobilizing the manhood of the nation for the purposes of war, shall take the responsibility of mobilizing and maintaing the unemployed and regulating the labor market in the interests of the community instead of allowing that market to remain an instrument of oppression in the hands of the owning class."

Event crowds upon event today in England showing impending changes very soon after the war. We find one of these, most significant, in the attitude of Labor toward conscription. Last week the Executive Committee of the National Railway Men's Union, one of the strongest labor organizations in Great Britain, declared: "Unless the government is prepared to confiscate the wealth of the privileged classes, for a more successful prosecution of the war, railroad workers will resist to the utmost tne confiscation of men whose only wealth is their labor power."

It is evident that the day of the privileged classes in England is drawing to an end. One wonders how deep down into the life and heart of the people this spirit of fraternity of which Brooks and Begbie write, has gone. However, it is there as never before, and it will not be thwarted—because it is of God.

And here we touch on the Church, and some startling declarations by Mr. Begbie concerning it. Let it be noted that what is here quoted appeared this month in one of the most accredited of the religious journals of the world, The Homiletic Review, an international magazine of religion, theology, and philosophy.

"I am inclined to think that the churches as we now know them will cease to exist," said Mr. Begbie. "I do not think that any form of ritual known at present will satisfy the future realistic religious feelings of mankind. Humanity is being born again and the churches also will have to be reborn. Many noble ministers of religion will assist at that rebirth."

Mr. Begbie does not believe, ofcourse, that Christianity will cease to exist—but that inasmuch as religious truth, felt in the soul, needs no other embodiment than service to mankind, the churches will not be needed as conservators of that truth.

The seer on Patmos ages ago foresaw a new heaven and a new earth in which was no temple, the Lord God Almighty and the lamb being the temple thereof. Doubtless in some far off time the institutions of earth will have become so Christianized that there will be no need for the church.

But this does not appear to be what Mr. Begbie has in mind—that time of consummation. His interviewer states that he does not mean, of course, that the churches will immediately become obsolete. His thought is that after the war there may be a sort of revival among them; that the war will have a sobering effect on the masses, and will create a condition favorable to church activity and growth, but that this will be only for a time—that the churches will move more and more down the decline. But do not mistake him, for he declares: "Nothing can be pleasing to God but a life passionately, profoundly, and rejoicingly lived in accordance with the divine will. The soul must make a free choice between God and mammon and must hunger and thirst after righteousness. That is religion."

Many of course will not agree with Mr. Begbie that there will not be need and place for the Church long time yet upon the earth. But none will dare to deny that the Church is on trial, and that if it is not to lose moral leadership it must fearlessly accept the responsibilities and courageously meet the issues of modern life.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The recent church survey in Ohio showed that less than forty per cent of the people living in the rural regions were church members.

Five years ago Mr. Matsuyama, at the head of the legal fraternity in Japan, became a Christian. At the age of 67 he is engaged in lay preaching.

There are 60,000 Jews in Montreal and the seating capacity of the synagogues is sufficient for only 8,000. Nevertheless the synagogues are practically empty on the Jewish Sabbath. There is a Reform Synagogue at which the attendance on a recent Saturday was found to be three.

In celebration of its 100th anniversary, The Congregationalist issued an exceptionally fine number. We hope that our other "exchanges" will overlook our fallible judgment when we say that The Congregationalist ranks first among the religious weeklies, with The Continent a close second. However we highly prize all, and honor each for the excellent work it is doing.

"The struggle of the next fifty years, the most intense since the Reformation," writes David Starr Jordan, Chancellor of Stanford University, "will lie between those who look forward and work for law and order and security, for mutual understanding,—and those who swayed by traditions, look backward, toward a history of civilization scarred by war and disfigured by lies and hate, and the fatalistic belief that the future cannot rise above the past."

On the 14th of December, two weeks before prohibition went into effect in Colorado this dispatch was sent out from Denver: "Nearly every downtown location that will be vacated by a saloon on January 1 has been rented already, say real estate men; and it is expected that by the time the city goes dry there will be scarcely one of the saloon locations left on the market. As fast as the bars move out, other kinds of business will move in. Already—three weeks before Prohibition goes into effect—most of the places have been tied up on long-time leases. Even the less desirable locations are finding renters. Some have been taken on long-time leases. Others are being negotiated for.... The places occupied by bar-rooms in the outlying districts will be about the only ones hard hit. Some of these places never were fit for anything but saloons."

Three years ago the theological schools of the Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, and Episcopal churches in Canada affiliated in a common teaching organisation at McGill University. Record of Christian Work says: "The experiment is working out admirably. Each college has its residence for its own students; it has its own library, with, however a common card catalogue which enables students to use all the libraries. But the staff of fourteen professors teaches all the students in common classes. A half million dollars has been secured to erect a building for a common center of instruction and social life. A joint board representing the four churches arranges all the details of administration and instruction. Common tasks and constant cooperation have brought students and professors of the different churches closely together. Each college is allowed to reserve such subjects for distinctive teaching as it thinks necessary. But not more than one eighth of the subjects are so reserved. This coordination of the theological schools of the four greatest Canadian churches owes its initial impulse chiefly to laymen. It is a shining example of the fundamental unity of Protestant churches and can be and has been quoted at home and abroad, to shut the mouths of those who insist that the divisions of Protestantism necessarily means discord and disorder."

A DRESS REFORM CAMPAIGN.

A women's dress reform campaign has been started in New York by Miss Helen Louise Johnson and the Household Economic Department of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, of which she is president.

"The average man can dress for less money than the average woman, and at the same time have the apearance of being better dressed," Miss Johnson says, "The reason is that styles in men's dress change less than women, show less decided idiosyncracies, and the manufacturer gives the man better goods for his money than he does women, and garments that will look 'in style' until they are worn out."

All this was the fault of the women, Miss Johnson contends, because women accept what the manufacturer give them.

"Comparatively few years ago," we bought good tailored suits for street wear. The were suitable, sensible, and becoming. They could be worn two or three years, and we looked like real women in them. Men did not turn around to look at us. We were normally dressed.

"At one time we trailed our skirts through the streets because it was the thing to do, and now we wear them short enough for Alpine climbing. Styles for women's garments are so shortlived and the changes are so frequent there is a risk for the manufacturer in making up the goods, so poorer workers are employed, poorer material used, and the price put up to cover the risks.

"This is not only a serious thing for our individual purses, but it is bad for the workers in the women's garment trades. We hope the time has at last come when we may obtain real beauty of clothes. We believe that a change for the better is necessary for the welfare of the country. We women must say: 'We stop this year the extravagance and

absurdity of such constantly changing styles and fashions. There is nothing to prevent our choosing beautiful and sensible styles unless it is our cowardice and servile copying of other women.'

"The world of dressmakers, hatmakers, hairdressers, and other caricaturists would not be able to trick us out so fantasically if we did not allow it. A man's derby hat is not an article of beauty, but it is more sensible than the eccentricities worn by women and which change almost from month to month."

Miss Johnson says she believes the unrest in the matter of clothes was definitey harmful to young women of all classes, and she asked that all club leaders begin a campaign of education like that she has undertaken.

THE LAMENT OF NA-YA-CIKA, A VENERABLE YAKIMA INDIAN.

About the middle of December 1915, Chief Wa-ya-cika of the Yakima Indians in the State of Washington passed into the spirit world. It is said that he was a man of great intellect; but never learned to speak English.

When the campaign for prohibition was on in Washington his name stood at the head of a petition from the Indians begging the white man to keep his word and banish whisky from the Yakima country.

The wife of the aged chief died in 1913. At that time Wa-ya-ciki, through an interpreter, said to Mr. L. V. McWhorter, a white friend:

I was a poor boy and owned but one horse. Ne-sou-tus and Ti-sun-ya, were kind, and through their pity took me into their tepe-home. I soon loved the gentle Ya-pah-mox, who was both shy and modest. I was a good hunter and a great salmon fisher and I brought her game and fish. I wooed her with flute and song.

Together we rode over the desert and walked among the trees along the river. I won the heart of Ya-pah-mox and I gave my only horse for her, which left me afoot. We were married, but there was no ceremony such as you have witnessed among the Yakimas. Not all of our tribe held a ceremony. The young people loved and went away alone. This was marriage. I gave my horse to Ne-sou-tus; we went away and were happy.

Before we were married I was wild. I learned this evil from the white people. But Ya-pah-mox was good and I settled down.

I tried to take up the white man's mode of living, as the game and fish were growing scarce. This ranch here was hers. Her father lived here. We worked hard and soon had plenty.

Neither of us ever joined the white man's religious bands; nor did we ever belong to the Pom-pon worshipers; which ceremony is not old among the Yakimas.

We gave amusement dances and distributed present among our friends.

Every winter I held the Spirit Dance, wherein we obtain strength to do good. This is the old Yakima religion and we always held to this ancient custom. You have seen the Spirit dance, and know that it is true.

We both believe in Me-yay-wah (God) and I believe that Ya-pah-mox was better than many of the Christians who never try to help us.

I cannot understand the white man's religion. He talks good and then steals our land and our water and kills us with whisky. His religion must be bad since it does not make him honest. I am glad that Ya-pah-mox was not a Christian, for she lived a straight life. She gave to the poor; she did nothing that was wrong. Her heart was right and I believe that she died innocent. Me-yay-wah cannot be angry with her.

You saw that I buried her well. The robes and blankets are a peace offering, a prayer to Him; and they will serve her in the Hereafter. She is gone and you will hear the women wailing for Ya-pah-mox in the years that are to come.

The Christians will say that it was wrong for us to live together without a marriage ceremony by the white man's law. I do not understand how this can be. His law cannot make you love our families, our children.

My children are all dead. I am alone.

I am like a tree whose branches have been torn by the storms; whose heart is withered by the lighning's blast.

I have seen my tribe in the days of its strength; when the deer were plentiful in the woods and the salmon thick in the streams.

I have seen the warriors of Owhi ride away to battle, only to be scattered in defeat.

The death trail has been broadened for my people by the coming of the white man, but my hand has never been against him. He cannot say that I have ever spoken with a forked tongue, nor that my word was false. I have ever taken him by the hand, but he has not always treated me as a brother.

I bear no ill, 'though the death huts have been crowded with the silent forms of those I once knew; and the funeral feast has been ceaseless.

My footing grows less secure each day. The trunk cannot withstand many more snows.

I am on the sunset trail and will soon follow Ya-pah-mox.

It is well.

MY BEST CHRISTMAS EVE.

W. L. Stidger.

My best Christmas eve was on Angel Island in the year 1915.

There was the unusualness of, to begin with—a Christmas Eve among five hundred Orientals; some of them Christians, but most of them never having heard the story of Christmas before. Three hundred and fifty of them already there on the island when we arrived at five o'clock, and one hundred and fifty arriving on the steamer China from the Orient, even after our little launch set us ashore. What a Christian welcome it was that these new arrivals received as they filed through the iron gates—they who had but a few hours before come through the Golden Gate to the land of liberty!

There they were, huddled for all the world like sheep; tired looking, yet with the hopeful light in their eyes staring at us with wndering and penetrating glances; babes in arms, weary mothers, old men, boys full of adventure in a new land, when the Deaconess, Miss Catherine Maurer, through an interpreter greeted them: "Tell them for me that we are glad that they have arrived in America on Christmas Eve. Tell them that we are their friends and that while they are here, in the name of the Christ who was born on this night, we want to make their lives happy."

What a cheer, and what a good oldfashioned American

clapping of hands greeted this good word! One stately old Chinaman, who had in some manner gotten hold of a big black sombrero hat, lifted it from his gray head with the grace of a Chesterfield and made his stately bow. His clothes were old and his collarless shirt frayed, but here was a gentleman. And these were men who had just come in from their ten thousand mile journey over wide seas. It only took a jiffy to decorate the tree in the dining-room. A fine spirit of willingness prevailed. That fine big fellow who has charge of the dining-room—I can't think of his name, but I shall never forget him. He lives in San Francisco somewhere, and gave up his chance to come over on the early evening boat when his days work was over, that he might be there to help get the dining-hall ready, thereby cutting the time that he might stay with his family down to twenty minutes before he had to take the last boat back to the island to be ready for his mornings work. His was the spirit of them all—from janitor to Commissioner. There was a preacher, and Chinese waiter, and Japanese geisha girl, the Deaconess, and vagabond from Mexico, all vieing with each other to make that dining-room look bright; and a beautiful task it was, because of this spirit manifested in types as different as the wide world.

Then came the trip up to announce through the Japanese and Chinese interpreters that they should hold themselves in readiness for the festivities. The Rev. Tokuji Komura, the Japanese interpreter, spoke first, and then Mr. Chin Toy, the Chinese interpreter. When that crowd of over three hundred men caught the meaning of the unexpected Christmas invitation a shout of joy caught the air that thrilled one's heart to tears. It positively lifted you up as on waves of joy. It caught you in a whirlwind of happiness and dreams, and buffeted you about with slaps of gladness. One ltte brown man who evidently was a Methodist shouted a fervent "Amen!" How strange and yet how beautifully his "Amen!" expressed that which the others were trying to shout. Then they crowded about the interpreter, whom they had never seen before, like children eager for more details of the good time to come.

The intervening time between this announcement and the tree itself was spent in the upper room where were detained under guard twelve men as witnesses in the recent smuggling case. Among the twelve was one Christian. And he looked it. His face was radiant. And there was one Japanese. His face was young. His hair was grey and his face was sad. These men were all officers on the big ship and were highly intelligent. The Chinese face not expressive? You who say that have only known the Chinese laundrymen, and not the best of them. Why, I never saw such expression in any racial face as I saw in this upper room; nor such fine emotion; no such eagerness to hear; nor such appreciation of "Silent Night! Holy Night!" as Miss Olive sang it; nor such courtesy. The interpreter, who was a minister, asked them to sit down while he spoke, but they would not do so, and stood during the entire fifteen minutes we were there. I do not know that the whites there, including myself, had very much to boast of in the way of courtesy to a Man of God, for we sat on the beds while he spoke. Eight of these fine-looking men hadnever heard the story of the Child before, and they received and studied the colored pictures of the mother and the manger with as much eagerness and joy as little children.

But downstairs was the big event waiting. It was laughing in the background even as we sang and talked and listened and smiled in the upper room.

The geisha girls from Japan Beautiful—twelve of them —were there with their neat gowns, and their graceful movements and their big wondering—and I might add wonderful—eyes. They came in first. The youngest of them was but seventeen. In America she would not yet have left her mother's care. But already she has been a professional dancer for years; now come clear to America to dance the Cherry Blossom Dance at the Exposition; stranded, without money; detained in a strange country for weeks while the Government waits to send them back. Why? Because the Japan Beautiful Company which sent for them could not pay them. And into the room with them came the one white girl; the little French-Canadian girl (I forget her name, too); she whose name has glared from the front page of the newspapers; she who came with the millionaire lumberman to the Fairmont Hotel; she who is held as it seems a prisoner while the lumberman goes scott free because the Mann law seems not to reach him; she who has eaten one week at the Fairmont, and the next with chopsticks a lone Caucasian girl among five hundred Chinese; she whom Jesus would have loved in her loneliness and about whom Jesus would have said: "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone." Yes, she was there, and somehow her presence made the evening happier, for the sight of the Deaconess, and the spirit of Christmas, and the comradeship with women of her own color seemed to touch her heart and I saw she smiled through tears and she laughed away a lump in her throat and the loneliness that was in her heart.

Who could keep from laughing at the funny things? There was the time the Chinese baby started to cry when this horde of humanity had finally gotten seated. It was a Chinese baby, and it was a Chinese audience, and it was their hand-clapping which frightened it. What did they do when the baby started to howl? Just what any buoyantly happy crowd of American men would have done; they clapped again! The pictures, so well selected, interested them, at least those they could understand. They seemed most interested in the boats, for they had ridden on these, and in the picture of the Immigrant Station, and of their own mountains. Fujiyama, Japan's great mountain, brought little, happy, girlish, laughing delight from the geisha girls.

No, the geisha girls are not necessarily bad girls. They are simply a class of girls who work under trying circumstances. They are actresses, they are dancers, they are waitresses. The word geisha does not designate a bad woman; only a woman of a certain working class. You would not designate the name "waitress" as synonymous with "a woman of the street." Then do not think of the geisha girl as such. At least, so much have I gleaned from missionairies, intelligent Japanese, etc.

Then what fun it was when those in charge tried to quiet that crowd of five hundred when they had once started to applaud at the end of the pictures! There seemed no stopping of them. The Deaconess got up on a table and clapped her hands. They saw her do this and thought it was a signal for more applause. The interpreter did the same, and still they thought it a signal for more applause. Then everybody got to laughing, and the thought that a signal to laugh (for your Chinaman is a courteous human) —but enough! If you had been there you would have fallen down, burst your belt, and jumped into a fit with laughter like Oliver Wendell Holmes' story-telling man.

But to end. Four things I saw in the darkness when

the tree was lighted that I will never forget; these four, at least, wil remain out of a hundred thrilling impressions.

One was the look of these Oriental faces when the flash-light picture was taken. It was a strange study in silhouettes. Most of them perhaps had never seen any such flash of civilisation. They didn't know whether to stampede or to die fighting on the spot. One big six-foot—the kind of a Chinaman they used to put through the Union Pacific in the pioneer railroad days—started for a window. Perhaps he thought a Chinese revolution had broken out. It certainly smelled like it a few minutes, and from the smoke that rolled through that low ceilinged dining-room it might have been taken for a battlefield. And surely thoughtful Chinese must be "on their toes" at this crucial juncture of their history anyhow, with a spy here and there, even in our own city, to shoot down a revolutionist or an anarchist. But none of this tragical and alert aspect caught my eye. It was the look of astonishment on their faces: even a moment of suspicion. Then they laughed when the found the flash and fire and smoke were harmless.

And what free laughter it was—like a crowd of American college boys for all the world!

Then, through the darkness—for the big lights were off to give the tiny colored lights of the tree their chance—I saw a Chinese father with a tiny tot on each knee, and when in the shadow Miss Olive sang again "Silent Night! Holy Night!" and the Deaconess played the autoharp, and the stillness was beautifully oppressive, I saw, actually saw—no, no; the Chinese have no emotions—I say I saw—I was close enough to touch him—I saw that Chinese father through the darkness gather those two little tots to his breast and kiss their little heads with as much reverence and love as I kiss mine own tousled tot. That was glorious to me. I felt like shouting out. Here was Christmas in truth; such an one as my own; the same love, the same light of eyes.

And madonnas were there—Chinese madonnas, and one Japanese madonna—"madonnas of Angel Island" I shall name them; with their babes, about fifteen altogether, and three curious boys who were more interested in the little organ than in the tree, and had no bashfulness about their curiosity, but walked clear across the wide hall while Miss Maurer played "Joy to the World." These curious Chinese lads wanted to see the thing work. Remember that toy watch you tore to bits the day after Christmas.

And the face of the girl from Canada in the shadows—this was the fourth thing that burned itself into my consciousness through the darkness. She was lonely, and the spirit of the Christ-Child was finding its way into her child's heart; for, like the little seventeen-year-old geisha girl, she should have been in her mother's arms at this Christmas Eve. And small wonder was it that she begged the matron to take here down to the boat when we left on Christmas Eve. And small wonder that she buried her head in the coat of the motherly matron and whispered: "Oh, they have made me so happy! I thought everybody had forgotten Christmas and me!"

ADVENTISTS IN OREGON.

The existing Sunday law in Oregon was enacted in 1854, in the territorial days. It was reenacted in a revised form in 1864 and in its present form in 1903. It is as good as the majority of the Sunday laws of the Union, but yet it is far from being perfect. As we predicted, the decision of Judge Gantenbein has been reversed by the Federal Court of three judges and the constitutionality of the law upheld.

The Seventh Day Adventists are bent on the repeal of this statute and the enactment of any other bill. They have brought Prof. C. S. Longacre from Washington, D. C., and two men from California to campaign the state against all Sunday legislation. These Advent preachers have already held meetings in three of the theaters of Portland, at Salem, Eugene, and Forest Grove under the deceptive title of Religious Liberty Association. Elder Longacre is editor of their magazine called Liberty and published at Washington, D. C. They send this to all United States Congressmen, to State Legislators, judges and other men of influential position. The current issue has the portrait of Washington on the front cover and Lincoln on the back cover. The first article is an "Open Letter to the 64th. Congress," in which the protest against the "proposed legislation compelling the closing of barber shops in the District of Columbia on Sunday and other similar measures," signed by "The Liberty." They are careful to conceal the relation of this magazine to the Advent Church.

At their national Conference held at Washington, D. C., last May, they adopted a resolution for a nation-wide crusade for the repeal of all Sunday laws and against any new Sunday legislation. In harmony with this resolution, they are now centering their forces on Oregon. They will spend large sums of money to defeat the passage of the proposed Sunday rest bill. One of their members at Ashland said to the writer that he had given $400 against Sunday laws and he had more to give for that purpose. One of their members in Portland said they sat in church with their pocket books open to meet the many appeals for money. 95 per cent of their members tithe their income. The 2,500 members of Portland gave last year $60,000 for their propaganda. Should not the friends of the Christian Sabbath be as liberal to protect the Lord's day?

The proposed Sunday rest law will permit Adventists to rest on Saturday and work on Sunday and the other six days of their secular week. But this does not meet the ground of their objections. The real reason of their opposition to all Sunday laws is because they are the "image of the beast" of the United States mentioned in Rev. 13. and Sunday keeping is the "mark of the beast." And the Almighty has commissioned their Church to deliver the message of the third angel against this image of the beast and to destroy the "apostate Sabbath", the "Pope's Sunday," or counterfeit Sabbath which the Catholic Church with the help of the unsuspecting Protestant Church is trying to establish in place of the true Sabbath of the Lord, or Saturday. This is the true ground of their opposition. All their talk about "religious liberty" is only a pretext. For any man of sense knows that if Congress should pass a law closing the barber shops of the District of Columbia on Sunday, that this would not interfere one iota with the Adventists worshiping on Saturday.

Will the 120,000 Catholics and Protestants of Oregon surrender this Christian and American institution to this small band of religious fanatics? We give them credit for being sincere and make no insinuation against their moral character. But if the mass of intelligent citizens permit themselves blindly to be led by the blind, both will fall into the ditch.

Only by the united effort of all supporters of Sunday

rest can this movement be successful. We do not fear the opposition of Adventists one half as much as we do the indifference of the friends of the cause and the general anti-Sunday spirit along this coast. Send a check and a vote of cheer to your headquarters office, with an assurance of cooperation. May each pastor preach often on the subject and plan for one service before the election under the direction of the office force.

Weekly Rest Day League,
Commercial Blk., Portland, Ore.

Among the Churches.

Mill Valley.—The feeling in the church is that the year 1915 was the best in its history.

Redwood City.—Six were received into the church since January 1st. Three on confession of faith.

San Francisco, First.—The pulpit will be occupied next Sunday by Albert W. Palmer of Oakland. The following Sunday by Dr. Atkinson of Boston.

Oakland, Ward Memorial.—Mr. Hoskins has entered on his seventh year as pastor. The church has no indebtedness, except the assessment of $200 for street improvements to be paid in several annual installments.

Berkeley, Bethany.—A series of evangelistic meetings conducted by the Rev. A. B. Snider of San Francisco has drawn a fine attendance and created much interest. Several have made a start in the Christian life. Mr. Snider preaches the gospel in a way that wins.

Berkeley, North.—Among the additions to the membership in 1915 were several men who are proving valuable workers. All in all the year 1915 was a good year for the North Congregational Church. The apportionments for the year were exceeded by nearly an hundred dollars.

Pasadena, Japanese Union.—The memhbership of this church, of which the Rev. Mr. Demura is pastor, has increased from 33 to 70 during the past year. A kindergarten has been established for small children, and evangelistic efforts are being put forth at Sierra Madre and Lamanda Park.

Pomona.—Almost every seat in the main auditorium of Pilgrim Church was taken Thursday evening, January 13th, when President Albert Parker Fitch, of Andover Theological Seminary, gave his lecture on "The Twentieth Century Christian." President Fitch was that week giving a course of lectures at Pomona College, Claremont, and was secured for this special lecture in Pomona by the Brotherhood of Pilgrim Church.

San Francisco, Ocean View.—Since January first 1916 eleven persons have been received to membership, all on confession. Five were from the Sunday School. Six were adults. The building has been painted without and within; the parsonage and social hall painted; cement walks built. The annual meeting and dinner last Thursday night were well attended. The Rev. W. Floyd is in charge and the outlook is very encouraging.

Pasadena, First.—Nearly four hundred person partook on Thursday evening January 5 of the supper which marked the annual "family reunion" of the First Congregational Church of Pasadena. The reports which followed showed that 97 persons had been received to membership during the year, making the membership at present 751. In the year 1915 the church raised for benevolences $5,500—the largest amount contributed for missionary and humanitarian purposes in its history. There were expended for local expenses more than $9,000. The average attendance at the Sunday-school during the year was 316, being 74 per cent of the enrollment for the main school. The school contributed $500 to missions, a larger amount than was expended for its own support. The Christian Endeavor Society reported an average attendance of 35, the membership being 55. The Intermediate Society of 26 members had an average attendance of 94 per cent. The Junior Society has been supporting a girl in Turkey and a boy in India and dispensing also local charity. The Woman's Church Aid Society reported an average attendance of 200 at the monthly luncheon. This society raised in various ways more than $1700 during the year.

Santa Cruz.—The First Congregational Church of Santa Cruz has had a good year. Eighteen persons were received to membership. The sum of $3,643 was expended in a local way. The budget for 1916 includes $1,500 for a new furnace. The Sunday school had an average attendance of 156 during 1915, and contributed $100 to missions. The work at the East Side Chapel is encouraging. Deacon Foster stands by most faithfully; and the Rev. Hettie Douglas and daughter, who have served there through the kindness of the California Home Missionary Society, have been of large value in various ways. A morning preaching service has been conducted by Mrs. Douglas. On a leaflet in which were summarized the recent annual reports, Leslie B. Briggs, the pastor, said to the church: "You are asked to consider the following constructive suggestions: 1. The social life of the church needs much attention through both social gatherings and social calls. 2. We are in a position to be of great service to all public institutions in the community, if we will realize that our work reaches every department of moral living. 3. We have not brought about a new social order nor a new way of considering religious truths but if we would do our best work we must adapt ourselves to the new order that is here; to that end the pastor will appreciate it if the people will engage him in conversation about the things of religion and he recommends a summer school for the purpose of giving special consideration to these things. 4. There should be a missionary organization which includes the head of every organization in the church and auxiliary to the church. There is no good reason why this church should fail to offer $1100 each year to missions. 5. There should be a band of people, be it ever so few, who will begin to give one tenth of all their income to the church. 6. Vigorous steps should be taken to develop congregational singing and utilize the younger element in music. Is it not feasible to have a young people's choir for Sunday school help, for antiphonal singing in the church service and for a base from which to draw new singers? 7. Is not the time ripe for an attempt to have a closer relation of the teaching forces of the schools and the teaching forces of the churches? 8. It is imperative that we press more people into service instead of asking individuals to do so many things. 9. Should we not look

toward more union services with other churches? 10. There is a need for more prayer, an attempt at a larger vision, a closer study of the Bible and the employment in a better way of the Congregational spirit which calls for convictions but at the same time calls for a wholesome tolerance of the convictions of others. That is what characterizes the Congregational Church."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. Brooks expects to return from Chicago in time to be in his pulpit next Sunday.

Professor Gayley of the University of California begins this week a series of lectures, before his largest class, based on Dr. Bade's new book "The Old Testament in the Light of Today."

We are pleased in that The Pacific has so large an amount of news concerning the churches this week. Let others take notice and act accordingly. The editor feels that he is doing all that he can to make the paper of service.

The meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be held next Monday in The Mission Church at 19th and Dolores. The address will be given by Miles B. Fisher on "Home Training in Religion." Immediately after the close of the meeting, at 12:30, a lunch will be served by the ladies of the church for 35 cents. There will be around-the-table talks and reminiscenses—this part of the meeting being in honor of the Rev. E. Hoskins, the 50th anniversary of whose arrival in California occurs next week. The ministers' wives are invited.

The birthday anniversary of the Rev. D. S. Yenovkian, pastor of the Armenian Congregational Church of Fowler was celebrated recently. The local paper says: "Many presents were given to the pastor by his friends. A gold watch was presented to him by his congregation as a token and appreciation of his work in his church. While Rev. M. Giragosion handed the gold watch to the pastor he exhorted him saying, 'You must always work as this watch is always working, prepare good sermons, and consecrate your time and ability to God and to Jesus Christ our Lord.' In receiving the watch the pastor appreciated the kindness and sympathy of his congregation and expressed the thought that he had already strongly determined that he will work among his congregation, his time and his ability will always belong to them. He also added this thought, 'There are two kinds of workers; the visible and the invisible workers. We always honor the workers whom we see, who are visible. We forget the invisible workers. I being a visible worker am honored with these presents. I thank you for these presents. Let us not forget the invisible worker, who is behind the curtain. If only I had the chance I would joyfully take these presents and lay them down at the feet of my mother who is the invisible worker, a mother beyond the curtain."

FIRST CHURCH OF BERKELEY.

At a recent meeting, which was attended by more than three hundred members, this church voted unanimously and heartily to make the Rev. Fred F. Goodsell its minister in the foreign field and to pay $1,000 a year toward his salary, $600 of which is contributed by one family in the church. Mr. Goodsell has been at home on furlough for several months. He expects to return to Turkey whenever the way opens up.

At the recent annual meeting a budget of $8,500, exclusive of benevolences, was adopted. There is need for more adequate quarters for the Sunday-school. Professor Tolson, the chairman of the Religious Education Committee, reported a few weeks ago to the church as follows: "Work in the primary grades is made very hard for teachers and superintendent because of crowded conditions. Several classes are seriously in need of being divided but there is not room for another class. It is hard to secure a spirit of reverence or even of proper respect in the junior department where the surroundings are by no means conducive to worship. The girls' department is scattered throughout the premises. Classes meet in the pastor's study, the robing room of the choir, and the kitchen. There is by no means sufficient room for the high school boys in the rooms over the lobby. There is urgent need for the formation of several new classes but this is impossible. The existence of this Church is justified by the fine service which a consecrated corps of workers are doing for fifty or sixty boys at the age when such fellows usually leave the Sunday School and Church. Yet their work is seriously hampered. There is no place about the church premises where the work for university young men can be carried on. The Pilgrim Club meets under very untoward circumstances at Stiles Hall."

Neverthless it was stated: "We believe that the Sunday-school is cloing the best year in its history. The trustees have spent on the school about twice the amount appropriated a year ago and have doubled the appropriation for the ensuing year." With these and other facts before the church indicating the need for a new building, there are good reasons for the belief that the matter will soon have very earnest consideration.

The annual dinner week before last was a delightful family affair. There were about 325 in attendance. Twenty-one turkeys were served along with other good eatables. The charge for the dinner was only 25 cents, the desire being to make it an affair which would bring together in a social way as much of the membership as possible.

ANNUAL MEETING AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH, OAKLAND.

The Annual Meeting was held Wednesday evening, Jan. 16th over two hundred and fifty sitting down to dinner in the gymnasium of Plymouth Center. The waiting on table was most efficiently handled by twenty young men of the church, the dinner itself being served by a caterer.

The reports showed 96 new members received during 1915, of whom 33 came on confession of faith. The losses were 7 by death and 30 by letter and revision, total 37, leaving a net gain of 59 and a present membership of 778.

By rigid economy in certain directions the church has met its current expenses for the year and has paid in nearly $1500 of its $1800 apportionment for benevolences.

The past year, on account of the distractions of the Exposition, has been a difficult one but the opening year promises better. An every member canvass has just been conducted for both benevolences and church support with the result that an enlarged church-support budget is assured

and that $2180 of the proposed $2350 for benevolences is already pledged.

The pastor reported officiating at 57 weddings and 59 funerals. He has delivered 59 addresses aside from his regular work at Plymouth and has, in addition, spoken at 11 Fraternity and Club houses at the University and preached in six other churches. He has also served as member of the Oakland Board of Playground Commissioners, has taught a two hour curse on "Pastoral and Social Problems" at Pacific Theological Seminary and, since May, has served as Vice-president of the University of California Alumni Association and member of the Alumni Council. He has preached two ordination sermons and baptized 21 children and 9 adults.

All the church organizations are live and wide-awake. The Plymouth Athletic Club has won championships in both Track and Basket Ball in the Oakland Church Athletic League. The Woman's Club has raised, without a bazaar, or sale of any kind, $500 for the building fund and $384 for missions and now has a membership of 235. The Men's League has been very active and has promoted attendance at the evening service with great enthusiasm.

All in all, while other annual meetings have presented more dramatic and spectacular reports, none has revealed the church more effectively organized or more steadily at work all alng the line. A momentum is being attained which will carry Plymouth strongly ahead in the next few years.

THE GREEN STREET WORK IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Friends of Green Street Church, and all Congregational readers of The Pacific, will be interested in knowing that this important work is progressing encouragingly under the new arrangement whereby the work continues as a strictly Congregational enterprise.

Rev. Noel J. Breed is the Superintendent of the work. Mr. and Mrs. Breed are students at Pacific Theological Seminary, Mr. Breed having for several years engaged successfully in the work of the ministry. He is a brother of Rev. R. L. Breed, formerly Secretary of the National Congregational Home Missionary Society.

English classes, for Italians, are conducted five nights each week. The Y. M. C. A. co-operates in furnishing one teacher for each night; Mr. and Mrs. Breed also assisting; as well as Rev. A. B. Apra, pastor of the Green Street Italian Church.

Mr. Apra was recently ordained by a council from the Bay Association. At the same service, the Green Street Italian Congregational Church was recognized and received into fellowship.

This was an unusual and inspiring service, the auditorium being well filled, largely with Italian speaking people. The important parts of the service were often translated into Italian, some of it sentence by sentence, for the benefit of those who could not understand the English.

Three services in Italian, and two in Spanish, are conducted each week, by Mr. Apra.

Congregationalists who have aided this work, at various stages, will rejoice in this fruitage; though the stock which was first planted gave no such promise, back in the early days of "Green Street." Truly, the "Kingdom of Heaven is like a grain of mustard seed."

ANNUAL MEETING AT LONG BEACH.

The Annual Meeting, January 5, of the Long Beach Church, Rev. Henry Kendall Booth, pastor, was one of marked significance. It emphasized constant growth in numbers, financial prosperity and a deeper realization of Gospel truths. Re-establishment of a former custom brought over 200 of the members to a delightful gathering at the dinner table as a beginning of the evening's exercises.

First in order came the report of the Board of Trustees who recognize that the first year after building a church edifice is invariably the hardest of all; hence they were jubilant that the twelve months closed with all current expenses paid and a credit balance of $8.54.

From the Church Clerk came the statement of a net gain in membership of 44, making the present enrollment 549.

The Sunday School exhibit was specially pleasing, notwithstanding the depletion in September by the departure of thirty odd teachers and workers to various schools and colleges. The average attendance for the year has been 315. A noteworthy event in the history of the school has been the evolution of the superintendent. A resident university undergraduate, with no previous experience in leadership, he has in a few months become its effective and trusted head; with emphasis it may be said in modern phrase, he has "made good."

Equally gratifying has been the progress of the class of young men who have recently joined the ranks of the Baraccas. It is difficult to overestimate the value of the work of their leader, a young lady teacher whose rare personality holds as with hooks of steel the esteem and utter confidence of her forty young men. At her home there assembles each fortnight a secondary organization known as the Adelphic Club, organized to promote good citizenship and for parliamentary practice. Older men from time to time give the club some of their experiences in law, banking, etc. These young men give as well as take and are now entering upon the Big Brother movement.

The Washington Gladden Club, just beginning its second year activities of discussion and action adopts for its immediate program the presentation of subjects which appeal to live men. Dr. Fox and some of his club men from Pasadena have spoken of "Brotherhood" and its needs; local Superintendents Stephens and Francis of Los Angeles urged the early creation of Intermediate schools, and Robert Watchorn, in a masterful address upon a theme of the deepest human interest, spoke upon "Some Phases of the Immigration Problem."

Of the church at large what can be said? What should be said of a church that possesses so many factors of prosperity? First, that its membership is happily united, is in hearty sympathy with all efforts for the Kingdom and is strongly organized for work. Second, that it rejoices in a pastorate of exceeding worth, strength and devotion.

With a genius for organization, the pastor persuades the laity to take up selected activities; through deep and reverent knowledge of the Scriptures, neighborhood meetings, the Monday evening Bible Review class and every sermon are illumined by rich interpretations of the eternal verities. Not least of all is the series of discourses given each year from Christmas to Easter upon the Social Teachings of Jesus Christ. The Holy Land in its sacred past becomes most real to the audience as the home of the Master, to the end of drawing each hearer to the closest intimacy with the

Elder Brother.

Space fails to refer at length to the three compact units constituting the working force of the women of the church; or the three growing Endeavor societies; the Fortnightly Club of young women and the efficient Calling Committee of ladies.

Brief reference must, however, include among the new activities the establishment of a Sunday Morning Nursery and Kindergarten; the districting of the city, each district being under the charge of a deacon, and the recent creation of a chorus choir.

Notable, too, in the year's events have been the reception in June of the welcomed "Congregationalist party" from the East; Rally Day in September and Fellowship Week in November when the pastor was one of a team of five pastors to visit churches in neighboring localities.

Just at the closing hour the regretful news is received of a stroke which lays low Mr. Jotham Bixby, aged 85, a long-time steadfast friend of this church.

JOINT QUARTERLY MEETING.

The quarterly meeting of the Northern California Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific and the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California will be held February 3rd at Bethany Church, San Francisco, 25th and Bartlett streets, reached by Valencia or Mission street cars.

Sessions at 10:30 A. M., and 1:30 P. M. Reports from Home and Foreign fields, and the National Council.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle.

At the communion service in Plymouth Church on Sunday, January 9, twenty-one persons united on confession of faith; one on re-affirmation; four by letter.

University Congregational Church, Seattle, which is near the University of Washington, now has 511 members. It was organized in 1891. Dr. Horace G. Mason, its able and faithful leader, came to the pastorate in 1904, from Eastern Washington, whither he had come in 1889 as a member of the Yale Band. University Church has left now none of the persons who entered into its fellowship when it was organized in 1891 as the Brooklyn Congregational Church; and there are only 19 persons connected with it who were there when Dr. Mason became pastor in 1904. It has a fine church building erected a few years ago at a cost of about fifty thousand dollars and is a strong force for righteousness in Seattle and the Pacific Northwest.

Tacoma.

The Week of Prayer was observed in First Church, Tacoma by the daily prayer periods—8 a. m. and 1 and 8 p. m. Each member of the church was expected to privately remember some one of these times each day; to pray for Divine wisdom and mercy in the solution of the present world crisis, for God's blessing on his own nation, state and city, and for a deeper spiritual experience in his own church and individual life.

There were two public services. On Wednesday night, Dr. Carter Helm Jones of the First Baptist Church of Seattle, preached the sermon. On Thursday night, the preacher was the Rt. Rev. F. W. Keator, D.D., Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Olympia. A great many people talk about Christian brotherhood, but Dr. Frank Dyer really believes in it, and never misses an opportunity to have his people practice it.

Malden.

Temple Church of Malden has just closed a very successful year, considering the fact that we have lost a good many useful members. Since the coming of the present pastor, who began his work last April, eleven members have united with the church, and four hundred and twenty-five dollars indebtedness has been paid. The annual business meeting was well attended, and the reports were very encouraging.

We have an average attendance in the Sunday school of about a hundred.

The Christian Endeavor begins the new year with a good attendance and interesting meetings and an enthusiastic president.

The Ladies' Aid report showed five hundred and eighty-one dollars raised this last year.

While there is still some debt on the church, yet we hope to be able to meet all bills as they come due this coming year.

As this was the first year of self-support we feel very hopeful for the future.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Mrs. Mary A. Stowell Gray, an Oregon pioneer lady of 1856, and the wife of the Rev. David Baxter Gray, died in this city on the 13th inst., after an illness of nearly a year caused by heart trouble. Mrs. Gray was born in Carroll County, Indiana, in March, 1845. In 1856 she went to California with her parents, and came to Oregon the latter part of the same year, settling in the vicinity of Eugene. On June 27, 1862, she was married to Dr. Gray, then just entering the ministry, and for fifty-three years rendered devoted Christian service in connection with her husband's ministerial labors as a pastor and as a home missionary in different fields. For twelve years she was the President of the Oregon Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific, and in that special service exhibited many fine traits of character and earnestness of purpose which caused her to become greatly beloved by all with whom she came in contact.

She was the mother of two children, a daughter and a son, both of whom passed away several years ago. The daughter, as a gifted vocalist, was well known in musical circles for a number of years until she became the wife of Mr. Charles R. Fay, a graduate of Amherst College, who in a year or so after graduation was called to a prominent place in the teaching force of Brooklyn, N. Y. There Mrs. Fay pursued her musical studies with increasing success until her brilliant young life was cut off as a result of a serious operation.

The members of Woman's Board with whom Mrs. Gray was so long associated, will hold a memorial service in her honor next Wednesday.

The Atkinson Memorial Congregational Church, which has been without a leader for several months, has secured a pastor in the person of Rev. Thomas S. Anderson, who until recently has been filling the pulpit of the First Presby-

terian Church of Bay City, Michigan. He preached today for the first time in this church.

Rev. Philip E. Bauer, who has been engaged in missionary work in Alaska for the past three years, is now in this city in the interest of the Laymen's Missionary Convention which is to be held here Feb. 13-16. He also has been making addresses about the condition he found in Alaska. He will speak about his Alaska experience at the First Congregational Church this evening.

Rev. James Elvin, who was called from The Dalles to become the pastor of the Salem Congregational Church a little more than a year ago, has been continued for a second year, with an advance in his salary from $1,200 to $1,500. In addition to that the church has cleared of a mortgage of $3,000. "Progress" is the watchword in all the varied activities of the church.

The First Congregational Church of this city held its adjourned annual meeting last Thursday evening. Reports from all departments of the church were submitted, all showing an encouraging degree of growth, with all financial obligations paid. The closing number on the evening's programme was an "altruistic dinner." The service was after the following fashion: The church parlors were arranged with tables and dishes as if a real dinner was to be served. The Menu was made up of the titles of the different organizations reporting; and at the last price of the dinner was gathered in a snug sum and placed in the hands of the Board of Deaconesses for immediate use in affording relief in numerous instances. The whole affair was unique in conception, and successfully carried out.

While it is too early to make a safe prediction regarding the benefit that it is believed will follow as the result of "Oregon Going Dry," yet the prospects are signally encouraging—so much so, that some of the "doubting Thomases" whom I personally know, who were strong in their support of the "Wet" propaganda, now confess that the two weeks of experience in this "Dry" city has been a revelation to them, and that instead of the present condition "injuring business," as was feared, it will be a positive benefit. From now henceforth they declare that they will support prohibition of the saloon. The men alluded to are not Christian men, nor what might be called drinking men, although they sometimes frequent saloons and have been in the habit of taking a drink on an averange of possibly once a month, and then beer instead of whisky. The moral side of this question does not concern such men as I allude to, but the industrial side makes a wonderfully strong appeal. That side of the drinking habit—the detrimental effect of liquor upon the wage earner, cannot be emphasized too strongly.

A SUGGESTION BY THE PEACE-MAKERS' COMMITTEE OF PACIFIC COAST CHURCHES.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Peace-Makers' Committee of Pacific Coast Churches, held in San Francisco the 13th day of January, 1916, it was resolved to send a communication as follows to religious editors in this country:

"We officially call the attention of religious editors to United States Senate Bill No. 1695, which provides for the compulsory military training and drill for boys of 12 years old and upwards, with elaborate provisions for imprisonment, fines, etc. to be applied to those who fail to participate. A huge staff of officers is to be created for this great army of children. We feel that even the discussion of such suggested legislation which would almost place our country under permanent martial law in times of peace, with our children as the victims, is fraught with great danger to civil and religious liberty. In view of the possibilties of future pernicious legislation relating to the growth of a military spirit in this country, we venture to request that all your readers be asked to send an immediate protest against said Bill."

MID-WINTER MEETING MOUNT HERMON FEDERATE SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

The regular Mid-winter Meeting of the Mount Hernon Federate School of Missions will be held on Friday, February 4, forenoon and afternoon, in the First Baptist Church, Berkeley, corner of Dana and Haste Sts. The Congregationalists will furnish a very interesting speaker in Mrs. Gladys Stephenson Gordon, who returned this last summer from Smyrna, Turkey, and who, before leaving there, saw hundred of the poor refugees. We shall certainly all want to hear Mrs. Gordon. Rev. Paul Smith of the Methodists is expected to be present to speak on Booker Washington. President Wheeler of the University of California has promised to address us, if he is in town at that date. One of the devotional periods will be conducted by Prof. T. Johnson of the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School. Rev. Mr. Blair, the superintendent of Mount Hermon, will speak, as will also Miss Lina Hagstrome, Baptist Missionary among the Swedes in Oakland. Mrs. Augustus of the Christian denomination will sing for us, as will also Mrs. Morrish of Trinity Methodist Church, Berkeley, and Mrs. Cruff of the entertaining church. The literature secretaries of the seven denominations federated in Mt. Hermon School of Missions are invited to make exhibits of their literature. At noon, the ladies of the entertaining church will furnish lunch at twenty-five cents a plate. It is an opportunity to meet again our valued acquaintances of different denominations, to hear of one another's work, to get new ideas and new literature. Let us all aim to be present at the Mid-winter Meeting. The church is on the corner of Dana and Haste Sts., Berkeley. Oakland people can readily find it by taking the Telegraph Avenue car, getting off at Haste St., and walking west one block.

Mary E. Bamford.
Press Secretary Mount Hermon
Federate School of Missions.

THE LORD OF WAR.

Spirit of war, oh, look upon thy work,
Fulfilled of blood and lies, and hate and pain.
Art thou not satisfied? Or still dost lurk
To bow the world beneath thy dreadful reign?

The bounds of hell are strethed forth wide and deep;
And men have dug beneath earth's smiling crust
To where the ancient blood-stained altars sleep,
Buried for aye, we thought, 'mid bones and dust.

Moloch and Ashtaroth and Baal shout
To hear the din, and drink the bitter tears.
And the sad face of Christ is paled by doubt
Seen through the wreckage of two thousand years.

O Star of Hope, amid the awful gloom

Shinest thou still? Ah, even now as then
Thy bright rays pierce the sullen night of doom
And gleam prophetic in the souls of men.

And though the days are evil, and we go
Bent with a woe that came not of our will,
The strong soul hears the small voice speaking low,
"O Galilean, thou shalt conquer still."
—Isabel Francis Bellows, in The Christian Register.

The Home.

OPPORTUNITY.

Why can't we smile a cheery smile as we trudge on together,
What is the use of making worse a spell of rainy weather?
And, why not say a joyous word, whenever we are meeting—
Tis always worth four times as much as others were repeating?
Or, why not do some little thing to hearten up a brother—
We are so apt to miss the ways of helping one another;
Suppose, to-day, we keep a watch for just these little chances—
For he who seeks a comrade's joy each time his own enhances.

—Helen Elizabeth Coolidge.

DIVORCE—A REASON FOR IT.

In these days of divorce, re-marriage and free-love, while the whole nation is threatened by this social evil, should we not try to discover the underlying causes that have brought about this condition, and having found them, then seek the remedy?

Ever since the establishment of divorce courts, divorces have been granted for infidelity, drunkeness, incompatability of temper and other numerous causes trifling and otherwise.

The making of laws governing the liquor traffic and the social evil, will do much towards relieving the situation which is a menace to the growth and development of each succeeding generation, but, incompatibility of temper is such a vague and also such a comprehensive term, that it would seem to embrace everything short of real crime.

A man marries and soon learns, for example, that, because his wife objects to some of his follies and foibles, she is not his "affinity." A woman marries and she learns, for instance, that, because her husband objects to her ruthless extravagance, she has made a terrible mistake.

Back of it all, perhaps, lies the fact that the sanctity of the marriage rite has never been considered. The motives that have actuated both parties may have been based on selfish interests alone. There has been no real sympathy, no desire for mutual helpfulness between them. The wife has looked upon her husband merely as a machine to grind out dollars for the purpose of keeping her clothed in fine raiment, while he has looked to her only to minister to his physical comforts. Nothing deeper than sentiment or emotion having existed between them, it is not surprising that, at the first trifling disappointment, the union should be disrupted, and each one should go his separate way in search of other and more congenial companions.

Though much has been written on this prolific subject, yet, we can not lay too much stress upon one phase of it, a phase whose solution is to be found in the proper education of women.

How often we find two young people who marry and start out in life, equally endowed intellectually, and with every promise of a happy future.

The husband who is ambitious, plunges with increasing energy into his pursuits, studies to perfect himself so that to maintain a home suitable to the woman whom he has chosen to his life companion. By his constant daily association with other men and other minds, he acquires a broadness and liberality of education that makes him a man among men and a peer with his fellows. He is active, energetic, fair-minded, keen, well-versed in the current events of the day and altogether a very companionable fellow.

On the other hand, by her very short-sightedness, the wife, who is very fond of him, fails miserably. Instead of realizing that he married her to be his companion, she falls into the habit of being merely his housekeeper and his children's nurse. Not being compelled to earn her own living by her wits, she becomes mentally lazy. She may keep a well-ordered household, and may feel that here her duty ceases, yet, so far as her intellectuality is concerned, she is constantly retrograding, and, ere she is aware of it, an ever-widening chasm yawns between her and her fondest ideals. She has forgotten much that she learned at school, she does not take time ("have time," she will say) to read, and, instead of keeping pace with her husband and abreast of the times, she resides in a little ten-by-twelve mind whose windows are closed by prejudices, jealousies and conventionalities.

When her husband comes home at night, she entertains him by relating the gossip of the neighborhood, by tales of how the children have been abused by the teacher, or perhaps by the less trifling affair of the bread having been burned or the soup tureen broken. He can not discuss business with her, because she does not understand; he can not talk with her on social or economic questions, because she is ignorant of these subjects; even the current events of the day may not be mentioned, for she has had "no time" to bother with the newspapers. In fact, she expects him to do the thinking for her as well as for himself. Thus she loses her individuality and becomes just a mere reflection of his ideas, and is a companion only in the sense that one's shadow is a companion.

After a time, realizing that they no longer have anything in common, this most unfortunate woman begins to wiew her husband's business relations from her narrow and limited standpoint, and believes that every woman with whom he is associated in business is seeking the destruction of her happiness. Mentally, if not openly, she accuses him of wrongdoing, jealousy is engendered in her heart, and finally it becomes an obsession with her, when she can think and talk of nothing else. Oh, incompatibility! No wonder!

Oh, wives, when you begin to know what wifehood means, that it means more than material existence, that it means comradeship, a perfect understanding, equality of intellect, close sympathy, in short a communion of souls, and then, when you begin to crawl out of your shell of obscurity, asserting your own individual right to be yourself, and strive to attain the heights to which your husbands aspire to climb, then, and not till then, will this phase of the divorce evil be solved.—Georgine Van Nelson in Table Talk.

THE BOY AND HIS MANNERS.

"Watch that little boy," whispered the school teacher, nudging my elbow.

I turned about just in time to see a miniature man enter the school building, and as he passed us he deferentially raised his cap.

"He's the only Chesterfield I have!" laughed the teacher. "I'd like to know his mother."

I did know his mother and when next I had occasion to talk with her I mentioned the little incident.

"How difficult it must have been," I said, "to teach manners to so young a child—a boy at that!"

"On the contrary," she hastened to say, "his youthfulness was all to my advantage. One of my pet theories has always been that the sooner you begin to teach a child anything, the easier will be your task—and his. Little minds can grasp weightier affairs than we credit them with. My children have absorbed good manners from babyhood. They knew not their absence.

"It is second nature for Max to raise his hat when he meets a lady, for I taught him the habit when I gave him his first little hat. It was not an irksome, unnecessary duty to him then as it is to so many boys who have to acquire the practice later on, but an act as simple, necessary and indisputable as hanging his hat on a peg when he came in from play.

"I always began teaching with some sort of game. We would play what he called "lady and gentleman." Strolling up and down the walk Max would meet me from the opposite direction and as he passed he would tip his hat, smile and say, 'Good morning, Mrs. Brown!' I find I can teach a child almost anything through the medium of play.

"Another thing I have insisted upon from the beginning is giving up his seat in the street car to ladies, little girls or elderly persons. I have had some difficulties on this score, for there is always somebody who fails to discern the lesson I am trying to teach. But I am persistent.

"In my work about the house I have an opportunity to teach him in matters of precedence in going up or down the stairs, entering a room, etc. I let him open the door to me to pass through and see that I am seated properly before he seats himself either in the living room or at the table.

"I believe the hardest rule for children to follow is that one demanding silence when any one else is speaking. I never realized just what self-control this entailed until Max one day interrupted my conversation with a friend.

" 'Wait until I have finished speaking, son,' I reminded him, 'then tell me what you want to say.'

" 'But, you never stop!' he exclaimed, 'and I forget what I have to say.'

"That was an illuminating thought to me. It was the bald truth, for we congenial spirits had ambled on and on in our talk, discourteously inconsiderate of the third person in our presence—even though it was merely a child. Henceforth, I pause now and then to give my small son a chance to speak when I see his eagerness to do so.

"A thing that I have learned in the training of my son is that his reponse to my suggestions is greater when I treat him as a grown-up. I appeal to his sense of manhood early and it reacts upon him in the form of pride and responsibility. For instance, instead of saying 'Little boys should never strike girls,' I say 'Gentlemen never strike girls.'

"And always I have been watchful of my own manners. Even to the year-old baby I said 'Please' and 'Thank you' and 'Pardon me,' and naturally he soon learned my language, too. 'Will you kindly bring me my ball?' Never, 'Don't do that,' but 'Please do not do that,' or better still, I threw the responsibility on his own shoulders by asking, 'Will you be kind enough not to do that?' You've no idea how little children enjoy responsibility!

"Max lifts his little cap to me when he starts off a morning, but for all his elegant manners you wouldn't call him a 'sissy,' now, would you? A 'sissy' is conscious of his manners and tries to be affected, but Max doesn't think anything about it—he just does what habit dictates.

"I can only reiterate what educators of all times have recognized as the fundamental principle in teaching children—'Begin early'—and that means from the cradle."—May Belle Brooks, in Mother's Magazine.

For The Children.

GRUMBLE-BOY AND SMILEY-BOY.

In the Jones house there were two small boys, Johnnie Grumble-boy and Johnnie Smiley-boy; but no one ever saw both at once. At first they hardly realized, this little boy's father and mother and Aunt Emma, that there were two boys; but when one morning a little chap came down to breakfast with a big frown on his face, and blue eyes that were so cross that they looked nearly black, and when pleasant remarks from the family had no effect in making the boy look pleasant, they were obliged to make up their mind that a strange little boy had come to take the place of their pet. So they treated him with all the ceremony necessary with a stranger, and pretty soon he found himself feeling strange and queer.

But he wouldn't tell any one that he felt strange. Not a bit of it. He was not that kind of a boy. When he came down feeling that way, why, everything was wrong. The oatmeal was too salty, his milk didn't taste right, and his egg was boiled too hard; and he just didn't want to wear his old cap to kindergarten,—it wasn't comfortable at all.

This sort of thing went on for some time, until Aunt Emma made up her mind that some remedy must be thought out. The mornings when Smiley Johnnie came down, there was the happiest little boy around the house all day, and home was a very different place from what it was on Grumble-boy's days.

So auntie thought and thought, and one day, when Johnnie came down, and it was the Grumble-boy Johnnie who climbed up to the seat beside father, he found a great change in the atmosphere of the family table. Usually when he came down looking frowning and surly and complained about everything, the kind members of his family tried to persuade him by cheerfulness that things were not so far wrong as he thought them. But to-day it was different.

"This hominy is too hot," piped a small voice.

"It is entirely too hot," Aunt Emma agreed sulkily.

"Mine' burning my mouth," mother said sadly.

"Mine's simply scalding," growled father.

Grumble-boy looked up surprised, and for five minutes there wasn't a word said.

Then came the boiled egs and toast.

"My egg's too hard," growled Grumble-boy before he thought, just because he was in the habit of saying it when he felt cross.

"So's mine," wailed auntie.

"And mine," sobbed mother.

"Mine's like a rock, it's s hard," growled father.

Grumble-boy could hardly keep from smiling, it was all so like the good old story of Silverlocks and the three bears; but he'd come downstairs feeling cross, and it was his habit to stay cross.

And then the finish came when some lovely hot griddle-cakes were brought n. Grumble-boy wanted to complain just because he felt like it. So, after he'd poured maple syrup over his cake, he touched it with his fork and grumbled,—

"These cakes are tough,"

"I can hardly cut mine," wailed mother, in a tearful voice.

Father started to cut his just then, and so did all the others, and at the same time father growled, "Shame to send such tough cakes to the table," and cakes simply fell apart on their forks and everybody burst into a roar of laughter.

After that, when by chance the Grumble-boy appeared at breakfast, it was enough for auntie to say, "Johnnie, are your cakes tough this morning?" to break the clouds and bring back sunshine.—Ex.

WHAT CAN A LITTLE CHAP DO?

What can a little chap do
For his country and for you?
What can a little chap do?

He can play a straight game all through;
That's one good thing he can do.

He can fight like a knight
For the truth and the right;
That's another good thing he can do.

He can shun all that's mean,
He can keep himself clean,
Both without and within;
That's a very fine thing he can do.

His soul he can brace
Against everything base,
And the trace will be seen
All his life in his face;
That's an excellent thing he can do.

He can look to the light,
He can keep his thought white,
He can fight the great fight,
He can do with his might
What is good in God's sight;
Those are great things he can do.

Though his years be but few,
If he keeps himself true
He can march in the queue
Of the good and the great,
Who battled with fate
And won through;
That's a wonderful thing he can do.

And in each little thing
He can follow the King—
Yes, in each smallest thing
He can follow the King—
He can follow the Christ, the King.

—John Oxenham.

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